

THE TRIBUNE.

For the Weekly Tribune.

MYSTERIES.

BY AUGUSTUS SNOODGEASE.

Is vain! The student hath no art
To pierce the inner truth which lie
Hid in the deep mysterious heart
That fills the universal sky.
He arrives to move without the walls
Of the great world, and in the halls
Where fairest wunderland free
In her rep'ct ecstasy!

Back! invisible hands are there;
And close the portals of the air;
But thou mayest dream of sights and sounds.

And the waked Spirit may uprise,
And strive to vault into the skies;
But through the spirit-woven bounds
That guard the inner Universe.

This dash and being may not pierce!

Man, chanted, imprisoned to the Earth,
Has thoughts as limitless as Heaven,
And soul that would on wings go forth.

Daring as the high Undyed,
And with a wild unfeeling eye,
Read the dread counsels of the sky.

'Twas this soul daring wild and high
That drew the changed man from old
Down from the mountain-peaked sky.

And a man to his throne of gold!
The Host, uprising, heard the tale—
How Ixion, god-like, trode the sky—

How Orpheus soothed the shrieking wall
Of Hell's wan ghosts with melody—
How the grim Titan dared to war.

With the high Heaven's avenging powers,
And how, to shine a beauteous star,
Astra left her earthly bower!

But like the spectre of a dream,

Those fabious gods have fled the sky,

Their broken thrones and sceptres gleam

Only in realms of Poesy.

There still shall Ophorus wildly sing,

And the lone Moth will fly,

There Ixion still in Heaven's high King—

The Titan had their warlike pile,

And the arm'd gods rush from their Thrones

And war with Earth's aspiring sons!

The will know? the force desire?

It is the power of old.

Died the stern gods' avenging ire.

And down his towering mountains rolled.

Yet strange! while with reluctant mind,

Compelled to own our vision blind,

And leave the mysteries we see

Clouded in deeper mystery.

We with tyrranic souls, would still

Force human judgment to our will.

As well the mote might source its kind,

That dared, perchance, it will oppose,

Deeming the world they can't find.

Stretching to the limit of their nose!

Man's crew like his own soul, is free.

And none may stand 'twixen him and Heaven!

Presumptuous Bigot! turn and see!

How much thou hast to be forgiven!

Let virtuous judgment rule the Mind,

And Man's spirit wander free.

The friends in one path to find,

But a human legacy.

Which all may modestly possess,

And rest as 'tis hath given us Art;

Fearing that should our souls do less,

Like the pale gods that shrieked and fell

In the tumultuous war of Heaven,

We may, mudi, like them rebel,

And fall, soul-shaken, lightning-riven!

MERCHANTS.—Peter FUNK, &c.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

"MERCATOR" seems to appreciate the mercantile character of a "Peter Funk," and as it is a garment of his own selection, we shall never dispise his right to wear it. But we are not sure that in such a guise "Mercator" is sufficiently worthy of our notice, particularly as we have already established the fact, by his own forcible language, that he was guilty of a transgression which an honorable merchant would be ashamed of. Yet, as open denials (in the estimation of the vulgar at least) are flatly construed into positive admissions, and as such have a tendency to mislead the unsuspecting, we feel that we are obliged to favor our "candid" "Mercator" with a reply.

Whatever may be the standard of his so-called communication, he, after a number of contradictions, satisfactorily conveys us in his first, that because he neglected to make his business, some Bank Notary had the authority to remind him of it. He then tells an amazing story that he was not lodged in the Bank, in which he kept his account, and instead of paying it there, as he should have done, he goes to this Bank, gets his check certified, leaves without taking up his note, and waits to be paid at the last moment. When if ever, Bank had no confidence in "Mercator's" account, then should readily have charged it according to custom. But finding that he has made a disagreeable mistake, and evidently feeling a little *sanguine*, he makes up his mind to abuse somebody; and because he is unable to give a fair account to himself, he invents a story to cover his blunder, blames the Notary—and not only him, but Notaries in general. We confess that, to those who are accustomed to "picking pockets" under cover of a mercantile transaction, such a fellow is a son of a b*tch. And if he had not been confident in "Mercator's" account, he would have taken every dishonorable advantage of those who could obtain, for want of a proper legal protection. And in performing the duties he requires, it is reasonable to suppose he should be attacked occasionally, and that he would be compelled to defend himself. We confess we have rather too high an opinion of the mercantile spirit, and amenable temper of "Mercator" to suspect him guilty of any such outrage, always satisfied that the canine aspect so peculiar to him will never be manifested again.

In conclusion, we say to "Mercator": If he has any story of his own misfortunes to offer to the public, to give us something above the petty meanness in which he confesses to have been a prominent actor. DECATUR.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—Dec 27.

10,000 Readings... \$35.

10,000 Indians Sterling... 375.

25 Houseboats RD... 36.

7,000 do... 50.

1,000 Indiana \$5, 50's... 35.

50 Canton Co... 35.

50,000 Penn Co... 45.

6,000 do... 65.

5,000 do... 50.

5,000 Illinois... 35.

339 do... 35.

1,150 Farm Loan... 26.

25 Hawk... 25.

100 do... 35.

35 do... 25.

75 Morris... 19.

100 do... 100.

35 do... 10.

10,100 do... 50 Nor. & W.

35 do... 50.

35 do... 325.

do... 30.

50 do... 35.

50 do... 25.

150 do... 50.

50 do... 100.

50 do... 50.

50 do... 50.